

A  
LIBEL

ON

D— D—, ,

AND A

Certain Great LORD.

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Printed in the Year MDCCXXX.

A

LIBRARY

D.D.

GEORGE LORD



Printed in the Year MDCCLXXV





T O

D----- D-----, occasion'd by his  
EPISTLE to -----.

**D**Eluded Mortals, whom the *Great*  
Chuse for Companions *tete a tete*,  
Who at their Dinners *en famille*  
Get Leave to sit whene'er you will;  
Then, boasting tell us where you din'd,  
And, how his *Lordship* was so kind;  
How many pleasant Things he spoke,  
And, how you *laugh'd* at every *Joke*:  
Swear, he's a most facetious Man,  
That you and he are *Cup* and *Cann*.  
You Travel with a heavy Load,  
And quite mistake *Preferment's* Road.

Suppose

Suppose my *Lord* and you alone;  
 Hint the least Int'rest of your own;  
 His Visage drops, he knits his Brow,  
 He cannot talk of Bus'ness now:  
 Or, mention but a vacant *Post*,  
 He'll turn it off with; *Name your Toast*.  
 Nor could the nicest Artist Paint  
 A Countenance with more Constraint.

For, as their Appetites to quench,  
 Lords keep a Pimp to bring a Wench;  
 So, Men of Wit are but a kind  
 Of Pandars to a vicious Mind,  
 Who proper Objects must provide  
 To gratify their Lust of Pride,  
 When weary'd with Intrigues of State,  
 They find an idle Hour to Prate.  
 Then, shou'd you dare to ask a *Place*,  
 You Forfeit all your *Patron's* Grace,  
 And disappoint the sole Design,  
 For which he summon'd you to *Dine*.

Thus, *Congreve* spent, in writing Plays,  
 And one poor Office, half his Days;

While



While *Montague*, who claim'd the Station  
 To be *Mecænas* of the Nation,  
 For *Poets* open Table kept,  
 But ne'er consider'd where they Slept :  
 Himself, as rich as fifty *Jews*,  
 Was easy, though they wanted Shoes;  
 And, crazy *Congreve* scarce cou'd spare  
 A Shilling to discharge his Chair,  
 Till Prudence taught him to appeal  
 From *Pæan's* Fire to *Party* Zeal;  
 Not owing to his happy Vein  
 The Fortunes of his latter Scene,  
 Took proper *Principles* to thrive;  
 And so might ev'ry *Dunce* alive.

Thus, *Steel* who own'd what others writ,  
 And flourish'd by imputed Wit,  
 From Perils of a hundred Jayls,  
 Withdrew to starve, and dye in *Wales*.

Thus, *Gay*, the *Hare* with many Friends,  
 Twice sev'n long Years the *Court* attends,  
 Who, under Tales conveying Truth,  
 To Virtue form'd a *Princely* Youth :

Who

Who pay'd his Courtship with the Croud,  
 As far as *Modest Pride* allow'd,  
 Rejects a servile *Usher's* Place,  
 And leaves *St. James's* in Disgrace.

Thus, *Addison* by Lords caress't,  
 Was left in Foreign Lands distress't,  
 Forgot at Home, became, for Hire,  
 A trav'ling Tutor to a *Squire* ;  
 But, wisely left the *Muses* Hill,  
 To Bus'ness shap'd the *Poet's* Quil,  
 Let all his barren Lawrel's fade,  
 Took up himself the *Courtier's* Trade,  
 And, grown a *Minister of State*,  
 Saw Poets at his Levee wait.

Hail ! happy *Pope*, whose gen'rous Mind,  
 Detesting all the Statesman kind,  
 Contemning *Courts*, at *Courts* unseen,  
 Refus'd the Visits of a Q—— ;  
 A Soul with ev'ry Virtue fraught  
 By *Sages*, *Priests*, or *Poets* taught ;

Whose



Whose filial Piety excels  
 Whatever *Grecian* Story tells :  
 A Genius for all Stations fit,  
 Whose *meanest* Talent is his *Wit* :  
 His Heart too Great, though Fortune little,  
 To Lick a *Rascal Statesman's* Spittle ;  
 Appealing to the Nation's Taste,  
 Above the Reach of Want is plac't :  
 By *Homer* dead was taught to thrive,  
 Which *Homer* never cou'd alive :  
 And, sits aloft on *Pindus* Head,  
 Despising *Slaves* that *cringe* for Bread.

True *Politicians* only Pay  
 For solid Work, but not for Play ;  
 Nor ever chuse to Work with Tools  
 Forg'd up in *Colleges* and *Schools*.  
 Consider how much more is due  
 To all their *Journey-men*, than you.  
 At Table you can *Horace* quote ;  
 They at a Pinch can bribe a Vote :  
 You shew your Skill in *Grecian* Story,  
 But, they can manage *Whig* and *Tory* :

You,

You, as a *Critick*, are so curious  
 To find a Verse in *Virgil* Spurious ;  
 But, they can *snoak* the deep Designs  
 When *Bolingbroke* with *Pult'ney* Dines.

Besides ; your Patron may upbraid ye,  
 That you have got a Place already ;  
 An Office for your Talents fit,  
 To Flatter, Carve, and shew your Wit ;  
 To snuff the Lights, and stir the Fire,  
 And get a *Dinner* for your Hire.  
 What Claim have you to *Place*, or *Pension* ?  
 He overpays in Condescension.

But, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you, we know,  
 Cou'd never Condescend so low ;  
 The *Vice-Roy*, whom you now attend,  
 Wou'd, if he durst, be more your Friend ;  
 Nor will in you those Gifts despise,  
 By which himself was taught to rise :  
 When he has Virtue to retire,  
 He'll Grieve he did not raise you high'r,  
 And



And place you in a better Station,  
Although it might have pleas'd the Nation.

This may be true—submitting still  
To *W*——'s more than *R*——I Will.  
And, what Condition can be worse?  
He comes to *drain* a *Beggar's Purse* :  
He comes to tye our Chains on faster,  
And shew us, *E*—— is our Master:  
Caressing Knaves, and Dunces wooing,  
To make them work their own undoing.  
What has he else to bait his Traps,  
Or bring his *Vermin* in, but *Scraps*?  
The Offals of a *Church* distress't,  
A hungry *Vicarage* at best ;  
Or, some remote inferior *Post*,  
With forty Pounds a Year at most.

But, here again you interpose:  
Your fav'rite *Lord* is none of those,  
Who owe their Virtues to their Stations,  
And Characters to Dedications :

B

For

For keep him in, or turn him out,  
 His *Learning* none will call in doubt;  
 His *Learning*, though a *Poet* said it  
 Before a *Play*, wou'd lose no *Credit*:  
 Nor *POPE* wou'd dare deny him *Wit*,  
 Although to Praise it *PHILIPS* Writ.  
 I own, he hates an *Action* base,  
 His *Virtues* battling with his *Place*;  
 Nor wants a nice discerning *Spirit*,  
 Betwixt a true and spurious *Merit*;  
 Can sometimes drop a *Voter's* Claim,  
 And give up *Party* to his *Fame*.  
 I do the most that *Friendship* can;  
 I hate the *Vice-Roy*, love the *Man*.

But, You, who till your *Fortune's* made  
 Must be a Sweet'ner by your *Trade*,  
 Shou'd swear he never meant us ill;  
 We suffer sore against his *Will*;  
 That, if we could but see his *Heart*,  
 He wou'd have chose a milder part;  
 We rather should Lament his *Case*  
 Who must Obey, or lose his *Place*.

Since



( II )

Since this Reflection slippt your Pen,  
Infer it when you write agen:  
And, to Illustrate it, produce  
This *Simile* for his Excuse.

“ So, to destroy a guilty Land,  
“ An *Angel* sent by *Heav'n's* Command,  
“ While he obeys *Almighty* Will,  
“ Perhaps, may feel *Compassion* still,  
“ And with the Task had been assign'd  
“ To *Spirits* of less gentle kind.

But I, in *Politicks* grown old,  
Whose Thoughts are of a diff'rent Mold,  
Who, from my Soul, sincerely hate  
Both ——— and *Ministers* of *State*,  
Who look on *Courts* with stricter Eyes,  
To see the Seeds of *Vice* arise,  
Can lend you an Allusion fitter,  
Though *flatt'ring* *Knaves* may call it *bitter*:—  
Which, if you durst but give it place,  
Would shew you many a *Statesman's* Face.

Fresh

Fresh from the *Tripod* of Apollo,  
 I had it in the Words that follow.  
 (Take Notice, to avoid Offence  
 I here except *His Excellence*.)

So, to effect his M——b's ends,  
 From *Hell* a V—— DEV'L ascends,  
 His *Budget* with *Corruptions* cramm'd,  
 The Contributions of the *damn'd*;  
 Which, with unsparing Hand, he strows  
 Through *Courts*, and *Senates* as he goes;  
 And then at *Beelzebub's Black-Hall*,  
 Complains, his *Budget* was too small.

Your *Simile* may better shine  
 In Verse; but there is *Truth* in mine.  
 For, no imaginable things  
 Can differ more than GOD and ——.  
 And, *Statesmen* by ten thousand odds  
 Are ANGELS, just as —— are GODS.

F I N I S.